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BOTTOM FACTS ABOUT MULES.

Humorous Review of the Animal from Historical and other Standpoints.

[George A. Quincy in the Boston Globe.]

The mule is the only animal that Noah didn't take into the ark with him. I have looked over the freight list carefully, and could not see a mule waybilled for any place. So clear-headed a man as Noah did not dare to take one on board, as he knew he would kick a hole through her in less than a week. I don't know a man on whose head you could pour quicksilver and run less risk of its spilling off than on Noah's. He was a dreadful level-headed man, and before the freshest was over everybody on earth realized the fact.

The origin of the mule is enveloped in a good deal of mystery. Tradition informs us that when the flood had subsided and the ark had landed on Mount Ararat, Noah was very much surprised in one of his first observations to find a good healthy mule standing on the top of an adjoining mountain. The same tradition informs us that the mule is the only animal that lived through the flood outside of the ark.

The mule can be considered in a good many ways, though the worst place from which to consider him is directly from behind, anywhere within a radius of ten feet. I never consider a mule from that point, unless I am looking out through the flue of a boiler.

Sea captains and people who have to do with mules always pay an extra rate to life insurance companies. A mule and a belt of country where yellow fever is indigenous generally stand the same as regards the death rate.

The word mule comes from the Greek, and signifies "to stop," and the mule himself comes to a stop also. Like multiplied by like produces like. Grasshoppers multiplied by grasshoppers produce famine, and potato bugs multiplied by potato bugs produce a rise in the price of yeast. But when you try to multiply mules by mules they don't multiply, and hence the word mule. You may study your arithmetic and read through all of Train's lectures, but you cannot discover why this is so, any more than you can why a woman cannot put on a rubber without leaning up against something.

The mule has one more leg than a milking stool, and he can stand on one and wave the other three round in as many different directions. He has only three senses, hearing, seeing and smelling. He has no more sense of taste than a stone jug, and will eat anything that contains nutriment, and he don't care two cents whether it be one per cent, or ninety-nine. All he asks is to pass him along his plate, and whatever happens to be handy round the pantry, and he won't go away and blow how poor the steak is. He just eats whatever is set before him, and asks no questions.

Mules are naturally deaf, but that supreme wisdom that teaches the little boy to wipe his nose on his sleeve has fitted the mule out with a pair of ears that counteracts its deafness, so he can hear as readily as a person when you don't want him to. These ears answer a double purpose—as tunnels to pour sound into his ears, and also as fans to brush away the flies with and keep his head cool. They are hung by hinges to the sides of his head, and flap backward and forward like a pair of wet trousers round a boy's legs. In cold latitudes quite a tasty business is done in mules' ears. The ears are cut off and dried, and sold for snowshoes, and then the stumps are trimmed up and the mules are sent South and sold for horses. In this way a great many fine horses were purchased for the army by the United States.

If I were to have a large picture of innocence to hang up in my parlor, and I did not wish to sit for it myself, I should get a correct likeness of a mule. There is innocence enough depicted in a mule's countenance to fit out a Sunday-school class. It looks as guileless as an angle worm.

A mule never grows old or dies. Once brought into existence, he continues on forever. The original mule is now alive somewhere in the South.

Mules are chiefly found in the South and West. They have been more abused than Judas Iscariot. A boy who would not throw a stone at a mule if he got a chance would be considered by his parents as too mean to raise.

The mule is a good worker, but he cannot be depended on. He is liable to strike, and when a mule strikes human calculation fails to find out any rule by which to reckon when he will go to work again. It is useless to pound him, for he will stand more beating than a sitting-room carpet. He has been known to stand eleven days in one spot, apparently thinking of something, and then start off again as though nothing had happened.

Down South, when they have a surplus of small darkeys on the plantation, they send them out into the barn-yard to play, where there is a loose mule. They always bid them good-bye when they start out, for they are sure the parting will be final. This is the most economical style of funeral now in the market.

To fully appreciate the mule, one should listen to his voice. You never can really know whether you like a mule or not until you have heard him sing. I attended a mule concert at Fort Snelling. The programme opened with a soprano solo, and then swung into a duet, and then pranced off into a trio, followed up by a quartette, and ending with a full chorus of 150 mules. I didn't hear the whole thing, for when I came to, the regimental surgeon was standing over me, giving me powerful restoratives, and I heard him say that I might possibly get out again, though I never would be a well man again. I have been through the New York Stock Exchange, and spent part of the day in a boiler factory, and have been on one or two Sunday-school excursions for children, but I never knew what noise was till I heard a lot of army mules bray.

One of the dead certainties about a mule is that he is sur-footed, especially with his hind feet. He never misplaces them. If he advertises that his feet will be at a certain spot on a certain time, with a sample of mule shoes to which he would call your attention, you will always find him there at the appointed time. He is as reliable as the day of judgment, and he never cancels an engagement. Every man now living who drove a mule team during the war now draws a pension.

I never owned a mule. I came near buying one once. He was a fine-looking animal; his ears stood up like the side spires of an Episcopal Church. His tail was trimmed down so that it looked like a tar brush leaning up against him. He was striped off like the American flag, and Raphael's cherubs never looked more angelic than did that mule. He looked all innocence, though he was, in no sense. The owner sat in the wagon, with his chin resting on his hand and his elbow resting on his knee. In the other hand he held a stick with a brad in the end of it. I examined the mule and asked the man a few questions, and out of mere form inquired if the mule was kind, or if he kicked? "Kind! Kick!" said the man, and those were the last words he ever uttered. He reached his stick over the front of the wagon, and stuck the brad into that mule. It was awful to see a man snuffed out as quickly as he was. It almost took away my breath he went so suddenly. I never saw the thread of life snap so abruptly as it did on that occasion. He didn't have time to leave a message for his family. That mule simply ducked his head, and then a pair of heels flew out behind; there was a crash, a flying of splinters, and that was all; and the next moment that mule and I stood alone, my face covered with astonishment two feet deep, and his covered with put of an old bridle. The next day I read an account in the telegraph news of a shower of flesh in Kentucky. I was the only man that could explain that phenomenon, and I did not care to, lest I should be implicated in the affair with the other mule.

I have seen death in many forms, but I don't recollect of ever seeing a funeral gotten up with less pomp and display than on that occasion. If I had my choice, to either work in a nitro-glycerine factory, or take care of a mule, I should go for the factory, as in case of an explosion, there would be more possibility of my friends finding some little mementoes of me, with which to assuage their grief. A very small piece of me would lighten a very big sorrow.

I will hunt round and if I find any other facts that belong to the mule, I will write them down, and send them to you by express C. O. D.

Jack-stones is the absorbing game hereabouts, since the weather has become too warm to play baseball.

Witches.

Do I believe in witches dear?

Most certainly I do!

They haunt this very home of ours—

Don't look so frightened, Sue!

Up stairs, down stairs, everywhere,

Their presence I can trace;

They visit now and then my room,

And all my books displace.

Who turned my table up side down

To build a palace car,

And sent my precious manuscripts

Into the corners far?

Who dropped the scissors in my boot?

Who hid my cane and hat?

Who put my glasses, chain and all,

Beneath the entry mat?

I'll set a trap for them some day

And catch them at their tricks,

And then they'll find—the roguish elves—

They're in a pretty fix!

The old time witches. Ah, indeed!

You've heard the story o'er;

When they were caught; their fate was

sealed—

They played their games no more.

But there are witches dwelling here

Who practice with their art,

And just beguile with songs and smiles,

Their loving papa's heart.

Believe in witches? Yes, I do!

As I believe in fun!

They're full of that, and bubbling o'er—

And low my story's done.

GEORGE AND KATRINA—A TEHAMA

STREET ROMANCE.—George Alpster was a brewery hand who mixed the foaming beer; Katrina Stein a maid devine, lived on a street quite near. He, love displayed for this dear maid, a romance sweet began. But ah, alas! it came to pass, she had a cross old man. A row arose and George's clothes, which by the Steins were washed, were thrown outside, and George's pride thereby severely squashed. The old man bold still further told poor George that he must leave; must quick depart, his daughter's heart he should not base deceive. The young man left, of clothes bereft, and likewise lady fair, but yester e'en could have been seen upon the kitchen stair. Katrina's ma began to war, and struck him with a stick; then swelled the din, her dad jumped in, the fun flew fast and thick. But George was strong, the stick was long, he grabbed it in a trice; the old man's head was cut and bled, 'twas naughty, but 'twas nice. Policeman came, E. Ayr's his name. Katrina's face turned pale, as George dismayed, of law afraid, was waited away to jail. Judge Loud-rick displayed his knack of getting at the truth; heard old man Stein with story fine, and then discharged the youth. A keg of beer, some actions queer, as often Cupid sends, a lengthy kiss, some load of bliss, and so the story ends.—S. P. Post.

One Hundred and Sixty Years Old.

The New Orleans Democrat of the 1st instant says: "State Treasurer Dubuclet returned to the city on Monday morning from a trip to his plantation in Iberville parish, where he says the crops are in good condition but rather backward. On his own plantation he has a negro employed who is now 116 years old, and who has been in the same family since he was 40 years of age. His name is Nelson Jordan, and his native State Virginia, where he was a slave, and when 40 years of age was brought to Louisiana and sold to the father of his present employer. Even at his advanced age now, he cultivates and has raised three acres of corn, using only a hoe to keep it free from weeds and grass, besides attending to light duties about the place. 'Old Nelse,' as he is called, claims that before he was sold by his master in Virginia, he had hoarded up nearly \$300 in gold and bank bills, which he secreted in the woods on the plantation, and he has repeatedly desired to return to find the lost treasure, but hardly thinks his trip would be successful. Besides attending to his crop he now manages to find time to catch considerable driftwood in the river, using a skiff he made with his own hands; and he is so eccentric in his way that he mends and patches his own clothes, his eyesight being yet sufficiently strong to permit him to thread a needle on a bright day. He is particularly down on 'lazy niggers,' as he calls them, and does not let an occasion pass to express his indignation at those of the plantation laborers who 'knock off' a moment before sundown. He is active and economical, and has laid up about \$300 for a 'rainy day,' and expects next year to raise a big crop of peas."



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